

CIRCLE OF THE EARTH.

The World Keeps on Progressing Until It Shall Make the Complete Circuit, so With Man.

As in the Material Universe, so in God's Moral Government and Spiritual Arrangement.

The Circle Turns Very Quickly, and the Good and the Evil We Start Always Come Back to Us.

"GOOD AND EVIL COME BACK."

Special to the Gazette.

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 29.—The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's text to-day was: Isaiah xl, 22: "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth." Following is the sermon:

While yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah in his text intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle. There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles; but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you find him geometrizing you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle then the curve, which is a circle that died young. If it had lived long enough it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed a little too hard at the sides. Giant's causeway in Ireland shows what God's causeway of mathematics. There are over thirty-five thousand columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and by compass. Every artist has

his circle-drawing-room where he may make fifty shapes, but he chooses one shape as preferable to all the others. I will not say that the Giant's causeway was the world's moulding-room, but I do say out of a great many figures God seems to have selected the circle as the best: "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, and the throne of God the center of that circle.

When men build churches they ought to imitate the idea of the great Architect and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God fung this world out of His right hand; but He did not throw it out in a straight line, but curvilinear, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from His hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and desolation. How long it will roll God only knows; but it will, in due time, make a complete circuit, and come back to the place where it started—the hand of God—pure and Edenic.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? It is because men are imitating the old model of Noah's ark. A ship-carpenter gives that as his opinion. Although so much derided by small vipers, that ship of Noah's time beat the Etruria and Germania, of which we boast so much. Where is the ship on the sea to-day that could outlive a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety, two of each kind of living creatures, thousands of specimens. Pomology will go on with its achievements until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best, in the far future the art of gardening will

COME UP TO THE ARBORESCENCE of the year 1. If the makers of colored glass go on improving they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York Minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists, but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men. If the world continues to improve in masonry we shall have after a while, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw in the wall of an ex-humed English city, built in the time of the Romans 1600 years ago—that mortar to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and stone. I say, after hundreds of years masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough we may have a city as large as they had in old times. Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries of England, and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh, no; but it is swinging in a circle, and will come back to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the circuit. The curve is in the right direction. The curve will keep on until it becomes a circle.

Well, now, my friends, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turns, and if it turns it turns around, and if it turns around it moves in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirling around

the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years; but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth. Jezebel, the worst woman of the bible, slew Naboth because he wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Kishah, the prophet, put down his compass and marked a circle from those dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezebel, the murderess. "Impossible!" the people said, "that will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jezebel. A few hours after they came around, hounding to bury her. They find only the palms of her hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Jezebel and the dogs

that devoured Naboth! Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit! But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government; that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said: "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world; give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After a while the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be everywhere.

DOMINANT AND RECOGNIZED. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then, all nations finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for a theocracy, and say: "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world." Every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy, only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy, or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits.

But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events, and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells that in the making of the pyramids it took two thousand men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put into the pyramids. Well, now, if men, short-lived, can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of the eternities afford to wait? What though God should take ten thousand years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch which we have to wind up every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then according to that calculation the six thousand years of the world's existence has been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker, and the circle is sooner completed. You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you put a word of counsel in the heart of a Sabbath school child. During that same week you gave a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you made an exhortation in a prayer-meeting. It is all gone; you

will never hear of it. A few years after a man comes up to you and says: "You don't know me, do you?" You say: "No, I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath school class over which you were the teacher. One Sunday you invited me to Christ. I accepted the offer. You see that church with two towers yonder?" "Yes," you say. He says: "That is where I preach." Or: "Do you see that governor's house. That is where I live." One day a man comes to you, and says: "Good-morning." You look at him, and say: "Why, you have the advantage of me; I cannot place you." He says: "Don't you remember, thirty years ago, giving a letter of introduction to a young man—a letter of introduction to a prominent merchant?" "Yes, yes, I do," he says. "I am the man. That was my first step toward a fortune; but I have retired from business now, and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up to my country place and see me!" Or a man comes to you, and says: "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer-meeting some years ago. I sat back by the door. You arose to make an exhortation. That talked changed the course of my life, and if I ever get to heaven, under God, I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty, or thirty years, the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle and does not return for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses for burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses says: One load of fir logs.....\$3 40 Cartage of four loads of wood.....2 10 Item, post.....1 00 Item, two chains.....1 4 Item, two staples.....1 4 Item, four laborers.....2 8 That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances, but it kindled a light which shone

ALL AROUND THE WORLD, and around the martyr spirits: and out from that burning of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle, wider and wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunning, circumscribing, overarching all heaven—a circle. But what is true of the good is just as true of the bad. You utter a slander against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your teeth. It will never come back, you think. You have done the man all the harm you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You say: "Didn't I give it to him?" That word has gone out, that slanderous word, on its poisonous and blasted way. You think it will never do you any harm. But I am watching that word, and I see it beginning to curve and it curves around and it is aiming at your heart. You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. It rolls into your oozing, and after it rolls in, a word of an old book which says: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulities. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot nasticate. You give him was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After a while your eye will be dim and your gait will be slow, and the sound of the grating will be low, and you will

TELL THE SAME STORY twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever and wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once; now they call you "the old man." If you live a few years longer they will call you "the old chap." What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unmanageable, and your jaws ache as you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast fifty years ago. A gentleman passing along the street saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him; it's all right; forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head." It is a circle. My father lived into the 'eighties, and he had a very wide experience, and he said that maltreatment of parents was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents is punished in this world.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us. Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us, unless divine intervention hinder—coming back to us, welcome of delight or curse of condemnation?

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through through earth, through heaven, and at last the wave of influence having made full circuit strikes his great soul! Oh, then I would like to see him! No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of his influence save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth. I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his facilities for assaulting Christianity; his bad influence widening through France, widening out through Germany, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through 101 years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell, until at last the accumulated influence of his bad life in fiery surge of Omnipotent wrath will beat against his destroyed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth, save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well, now," say people in this audience, "this in some respects is a very glad theory, and in others a very sad one; we would like to have all the good we have ever done back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us, fills us with fright." My brother, I have to tell you that God can break that circle and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man, the sins of his past life

NEVER COME BACK. The wheel may roll on and roll on, but you take your position behind the cross, and the wheel strikes the cross and it is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with complete oblivion. Forgiven! forgiven! The meanest thing a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again; and God will not be so mean as that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip His memory, one thing He is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgression. If I do know it? I will prove it. Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Come into that state this morning my dear brother, your transgressions are forgiven."

But not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life; it rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says "it lieth four square." Does seem to militate against this idea; but you know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. Saint John says: "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders." And again he says: "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The two former instances a circle; the last either a circle or a semi-circle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheatre of glory; circumference of patriarch and prophet, and apostle, and circumference of Scotch covenants, and Theban legion, and Abitars; circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a center, and what is the center of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glory, His all the praise, His all the crowns. All heaven wreathed in a garland round about him. Take off the imperial sandal from his foot, and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from his brow, and see where was the laceration of the briars. Come closer, all heaven. Narrow the circle around His great heart. O Christ, the Saviour! O Christ, the man! O Christ, the God! Keep Thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of the heaven!

"On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; All other ground is shifting sand;"

Bulk roasted coffee—seven pounds for \$1.00 at the Fort Worth Grocer Co's.

Florida Mosquitoes. Indian River (Fla.) Sun. We have to give it up. The toughest mosquito yams come from down the river. It is told of one of the crew of the steamer Rockledge, that after they got into the inlet, when night came he went to sleep in a state-room, the window to which was protected by a screen. He had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a sense of suffocation—the mosquitoes had thronged the screen and stuck their heads into the meshes till they had excluded every particle of air. He frantically kicked out the screen and now he does not know whether he would rather die of suffocation or mosquito bites. Another veracious statement from below is that a young man went to work for the first time on his homestead, providing himself with a good sandy netting bar. The first night he pitched tent, hung his net, and went to bed. For three days and nights he did not stir. The mosquitoes had so thickly covered his net on the outside that it was perfectly dark inside—he did not know when daylight came.

Ex-President Arthur's law partner, Mr. Hanson, Judge Hyer of Rahway, N. J.; A. A. Drake, Esq., N. Y. Stock Exchange; Rev. Stephen Merritt, N. Y.; and many others are witnesses that Palmer's "Skin Success" is a safe, sure and speedy remedy for skin complaints of every name and degree of severity.

HE WAS THEN BLACK. A Strange Story of Love at First Sight. Atlanta Constitution. "What has become of Mr. Blair and Miss Reynolds, the half married young gentleman and lady of whose romantic runaway I have just read?" asked a well-known Atlanta lady at Durand's restaurant yesterday. "Don't know," answered a Constitution reporter to whom the lady was speaking. "Well, I have just reached home. I have been to the island some time and was greatly interested in the story, but I did not get yesterday's paper, and don't know what became of them. Do you know I think it was one of the most romantic elopements I ever heard of? Why, I would have given almost anything to have been in Miss Reynolds' place," and the lady's eyes fairly danced with suppressed excitement.

"Why," she continued, "there is a novel in that elopement. Many girls would give their diamonds for such an experience. Just think! There they are, man and wife, and yet not man and wife. Suppose either one was to marry any one else! Could they do so lawfully? Why, no! 'I would be bigamy. Why, if I was that young lady I'd marry, or rather finish marrying, that young man or die,' and the lady with her face full of animation brought her No. 2 shoe down upon the floor with force enough to emphasize her speech and caused the reporter to say: "Yes'm."

"Why," she continued, as a look of contempt crept over her face, "I have always thought that my marriage was an extremely romantic one. But, pshaw! it ain't any mark to hers. You never heard of mine, did you? Oh, of course not. Well, I'll tell you. I married a man who was once blacker than that negro who has just brought me my dinner. He was as black as—"

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"Oh!" said the reporter. "And it was then that I fell in love with him, and I have never regretted it. But I'll tell you the story. When the war broke out, I was a girl in short frocks and sun-bonnets. My father was then living in Mississippi. He was one of the largest planters in the state, and was very wealthy. We lived on the river, a few miles below Memphis. My father was an old-line whig. You see I know something of the politics of those days—and as such, of course, was opposed to secession. This naturally proved the source of a great annoyance to him, as he was constantly being called a union man or being begged to take sides with the Confederacy, but he remained firm to his convictions. Natural sympathy was more with the South, but he did not want to see the union dissolved. He was always kind to the soldiers in the gray, and their wives and their children were heartily loved by him. His great wealth did more good for the South by giving its people—men, women and children—clothing and provisions than by taking an active part in the war."

"Yes, but the story. The man in black whom you named," exclaimed the reporter, impatiently. "Oh, yes, I am coming to that. What I have told you was the preface to the romantic novel I am going to give you. In the latter part of '60 my father sold his plantation and negroes, and packing up his plate and valuables, moved us all to Memphis, and it was here that I first met the gentleman who enlisted under my banner, and who has ever been faithful to the cause he then espoused, but this was not until the closing years of the war. During the latter part of the struggle the country round about Memphis was infested with guerrillas under the leadership of Forrest who harassed the people to such an extent that it was necessary for them to seek protection in Memphis, which was then under the command of the federal Gen. Washburn. The latter frequently sent out scouting parties in search of the bushwhackers, and the country people, especially those thought to be Southern sympathizers, suffered greatly at their hands. My father bitterly denounced this guerrilla mode of warfare, but at the same time if any one of Forrest's men was lucky enough to enter Memphis in disguise he made straight for our house, and was provided with whatever he needed. This was known, too, to Gen. Washburn and his officers, and it has always been a puzzle to me how father escaped arrest at their hands; but I suppose it was due to his benevolence to the needy of all classes. One night just as the house was shut up, preparatory to the inmates retiring, a loud knocking was heard at the kitchen door, which so frightened the servants we had retained that they all rushed to places of hiding. Some secreted themselves in closets, and others under beds. The knocking was repeated until father went down to ascertain who it was, and what was wanted. On opening the door a soldier, dressed in blue uniform, confronted him. Nothing was safe at that period. Robberies, arson and murders were the order of the hour, but my father invited him in, and took him to the dining-room, thinking that possibly he was a hungry soldier in the Yankee army. The soldier quickly undeceived father by saying that he belonged to Forrest's command, and had come to Memphis to take observations, and asked for shelter for the night. It seems that the federals had detected him, for while my father and he were talking, federal cavalry rode up to the house and demanded admittance in a loud tone. While those outside were clamoring to be admitted, my father rushed up stairs with the Confederate soldier and hid him in a closet, the door of which was so constructed that it was almost impossible to detect it with the naked eye. Then returning down stairs, father opened the front door and invited the commanding officer in. The officer explained that he was in search of a guerrilla spy, whom he had tracked to the house, and asked permission to search the place. Of course, father consented, and the officer and four of his men undertook the task, while others were stationed outside at the doors and windows. Their search was thorough, but proved fruitless, and after detaining a guard to watch the house the rest rode off. After everything had quieted down my father let the Confederate out from his closet confinement and, of course, I met him. He was tall and handsome, educated and refined, brave and daring. All this I saw at a glance, and during the two days he remained in our house I found he was good and pure, just such a man as he is to-day. Father knew that my husband—I mean the guerrilla spy, who afterwards became my husband—could not escape, for the house was being closely watched, and he

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Uncanvassed Stillwell pig hams now in stock at Turner & McClure's.

Emigration!! A large party will sail about the 30th of October from a Texas port for Buenos Ayres to form an English colony in the Argentine Republic. Passage very low. For particulars write G. B. Gordon, 24 Soledad street, San Antonio.

Flat Dutch purple-top, amber globe and white globe turnip seeds just arrived at the Fort Worth Grocer Co's.

H. A. Fredrick, tailor, has received his fall and winter stock and is now located at 309 Main street, opposite White Elephant saloon.

A Smart Boy. Washington Critic. A Southern congressman has a very bright boy, with a strong political turn of mind. The other evening he was walking with his younger sister, just as the sun was pulling its red blankets over itself for the night.

"Oh, brother," she shouted, "isn't that pretty in the sky?"

"Yep," replied the boy, very practical. "What makes it so red, brother?" she asked next: "Are the clouds on fire?"

"No, little girl," he said, very profoundly. "Clouds are too damp to burn. I can't be positive at this distance what makes it, but it looks to me a good deal like Senator Hear waving the bloody shirt, only it's in the wrong direction."

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Emigration!! A large party will sail about the 30th of October from a Texas port for Buenos Ayres to form an English colony in the Argentine Republic. Passage very low. For particulars write G. B. Gordon, 24 Soledad street, San Antonio.

Flat Dutch purple-top, amber globe and white globe turnip seeds just arrived at the Fort Worth Grocer Co's.

H. A. Fredrick, tailor, has received his fall and winter stock and is now located at 309 Main street, opposite White Elephant saloon.

A Smart Boy. Washington Critic. A Southern congressman has a very bright boy, with a strong political turn of mind. The other evening he was walking with his younger sister, just as the sun was pulling its red blankets over itself for the night.

"Oh, brother," she shouted, "isn't that pretty in the sky?"

"Yep," replied the boy, very practical. "What makes it so red, brother?" she asked next: "Are the clouds on fire?"

"No, little girl," he said, very profoundly. "Clouds are too damp to burn. I can't be positive at this distance what makes it, but it looks to me a good deal like Senator Hear waving the bloody shirt, only it's in the wrong direction."

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knew the soldiers would come back and search again. At first he hardly knew what to do, but in a few seconds after letting the spy out of the closet, made him submit to a disguise. Some lamp black and burnt cork were procured, and his face, neck, hands and arms were made as black as the blackest negro. Then a suit of livery was given him which he put on. He was then assigned to the servants quarters to await further developments, and here he remained two days. The negroes were faithful and never gave anything away to the soldiers, and my husband—the spy passed much of his time in the library and parlor, talking to father, mother or myself, or reading or singing. He was a good reader and a fine singer, and it was during this time, when he was black as the ace of spades, that he spoke our first words of love, and a pure, lasting love it was. Well, on the second morning, about 5 o'clock, sure enough the cavalry, though increased in number, made its appearance again at our house, searched the second time, but, of course, with no more success. The Confederate had been previously instructed how to conduct himself, and what to do at the proper moment, but a lucky dilemma presented itself. The officer's horse had slipped and fallen, injuring him so that he was unfit for service. My father proffered the officer his carriage to ride in to headquarters, where he wished to make his report, and it was accepted. Sam, the disguised Confederate, was detailed as coachman. It was a risky task, because he was liable to be detected at any moment, but with that bravery which he always manifested, he ascended the box, took the lines in his hand and drove the horses from the barn to the residence door. The officer went alone, leaving his men to guard the house. After reaching the camp the injured officer went into a tent. While he was closeted with his superior officer, the disguised Confederate got down off the box and sauntered off down the street, until he got near the edge of town, when he broke into a run and didn't stop until he got across the line, and the horses and carriage were confiscated by the Yankees. Three times after that, my spy, disguised in his lamplight, came through the lines to see me, and when the war was over we were married. But there he comes now, and in the lady's husband walked.

DONE BY LIGHTNING. A Lady's Portrait, in Profile Transferred to a Metal Tray. Plainfield (N. J.) Letter.